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# Cotton's Weekly

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This paper is not published for profit. It is published by co-operative effort as an advocate of the co-operative commonwealth. Last week we sent the following number of copies

**30,100**

A divided, wrangling working class voting Grit and Tory is the joy of the capitalists.

Capitalism is international, solid, hard, and fast. So is Socialism, therefore Socialism is the only real enemy which has yet faced the batteries of Capitalism.

A machine in Detroit can reel off four feet of perfectly seamless steel tubing a minute. More wage slaves will be hunting a job when this machine gets into wide use.

What does the capitalist Borden government offer you? Slavery, and then more slavery. What would the Laurier government offer you? Same answer exactly.

Two great enemies of Socialism are prejudice and bigotry. These evils are fostered by the capitalist system, as money is spent by the bucketful to keep the people ignorant and superstitious.

Sir Edmund Walker said in Montreal in an interview: "The Canadian West has given us the best wheat crop the Dominion has ever seen." Sir Edmund is right, and "us" is certainly correct grammar.

The working class could be the strongest political force in the world if they chose. If they used their brains with the same facility as they used their hands, they would sweep the oppressing capitalist system out of their path, and would then have some chance of getting the full social value of what they produced.

The thirty-eight who control Canada are too busy grabbing profits to take any part in the government of the country. Their hired henchmen arrange an election every four years or so and see to it that a Tory or Grit government is returned to power. That is all that is necessary to keep the thirty-eight parasites sticking to the backs of the proletariat.

There is a lot of work to be done in the world in the future. Are you of the working class going to do it all, and let your masters sit idly by and reap in the profits, are you going to compel the lazy and idle parasites to get off your backs and help in the work? If you would rather the work be divided up a little and your load lightened, why study Socialism. It's simple, and rings true.

Capitalists do not much fear inquiry into their methods. They have the politicians, the police and the soldiery to protect any stunts they chose to pull off. What the capitalists fear is Socialism. They fear education of the masses. They fear the class conscious proletariat, and their vote for emancipation. The man who stands by his fellow slaves and looks with contempt upon the capitalist is the bugbear of the robbers.

The world owes every boy and girl a decent education. Under the present system only the children of the rich have a chance to acquire an education which will help to enrich their lives. The children of the poor, with a few exceptions, are taken from school at a tender age and forced into the shops and mills of the masters, where they create profits to keep the sons and daughters of their robbing slaveholders sucking at the fount of knowledge.

Uphill, downhill, through teeming cities and across country, the army of the proletariat staggers along under the insupportable burden of capitalism. Only the strongest shoulders may carry this burden. Those who bend low under the load or who cry out in distress are thrust from under and a new and strong young band takes their place. Those left behind starve and die, while the workers pursue their weary way with their burden to the hills of Mammon.

Lloyd-George states that Britain is spending on her navy a sum exceeding the cost of all the navies of the world in 1886. The masters have a strangle hold on old England, and are bleeding the empire to a finish. Krupp of Germany and the armament makers of Great Britain will soon be able to call on a human barbecue at a few hours' notice. The murder trust is waxing stronger in Europe. Socialists will stop future bloodshed and turn the cannon factories into places where useful machinery will be produced to lighten the labors of humanity.

What has capitalism done for you, Mr. Worker? Supplied you with a job, if you are lucky, and robbed you every day you worked on that job. Do you like it? If you do, stick to it, for capitalism will need all its friends in the near future, and will call on you and tell you how nice they have used you by giving you a "JOB." They will even ask you to take a rifle and shoot down your brother worker, as they have done in the past. Will you do it, or will you spurn the reign of gold and cast in your lot with the Socialists, who will see to it that you get the full social value of what you produce by your toil? It's up to you, and soon.

The official hangman of Canada has put up a wild howl against the commuting of the death sentence of a Toronto man. He moans vigorously about the "travesty of justice." The death sentence is mighty unpopular in Canada, and will likely soon be abolished, yet this miserable creature with his deformed mind would gladly see a row of condemned prisoners waiting for his rope. The lot of a hangman is no happy one, but this is the first instance we have come across where one was afraid of losing his job that he sets up as a pen a prisoner's sentence is commuted. Authorities dug him out of?

Two years ago there was a neck and neck race on between the Socialists and the non-Socialists for the election of officials of the Machinists' Union at Montreal, N.B. Wm. A. Johnson was elected international president, but the Socialists did not have complete control of the board. This year the vote on president stood as follows: Johnson, Socialist, 16,373; Wilson, non-Socialist, 7,497. On the general executive board four out of five were Socialists. The general labor committee is Socialist throughout. The delegates of the American Federation of Labor are also Socialists. D. D. Wilson, a Socialist, was elected editor of the Machinists' Journal, the official paper of the organization.—Eastern Labor News.

## The Montreal Herald and Socialism

The Montreal Herald is getting to be quite dignified since it has become the vest pocket property of D. Lorne McGibbon, one of the big labor skimmers of Canada.

Time was when it was fighting the battles of the Liberal party, when it was being supported by the Liberal politicians financially and sucking funds from the government, much to the disgust of the Liberal politicians who hated to see good money sunk in fooling the people, (not that the Liberal politicians hated to see the people fooled, but they wanted the people to pay for their own betrayal) the Herald was very testy. It was uneasy and worried and its business worries shone through its pages. The people did not take kindly to it; any more than the people like to listen to a man talking who is attracted by the worries of how he is to meet his real bill.

But that is changed now. McGibbon owns the controlling interest. It has financial backing. So it is adopting a dignified tone, an assertive tone, a self-confident tone. The economic change in the Herald's circumstances has made it a different paper.

It has recently been devoting considerable editorial space to Socialism. A few weeks ago it devoted an editorial to Cotton's Weekly under the title "Yawping." In its issue of October 14th it gives another editorial on the question in which it states, "The Herald is neither friendly nor unfriendly to Socialism, it is merely suspending judgment upon it until we in this country have been given an opportunity to test its working out."

Does not that sound fair and impartial? It has the smooth certainty of a capitalist judge. And yet it is a lie and the Herald writers know it is a lie.

### The Aim of Socialism

The very aim of Socialism is such that the Herald writers dare not discuss it, as Socialism grows stronger, the Herald will be flung into the fight against it.

The following is an extract from the platform of the Social-Democratic Party of Canada.

"We, the Social-Democratic Party of Canada in convention assembled, affirm our allegiance to and support of the International Socialist Movement.

"By virtue of the ownership of the means of production and distribution (natural resources, factories, mills, railroads, etc.) all wealth the workers produce, accrues into the hands of the capitalist class. This property the capitalist defends by means of the state (the army, the navy, the judiciary).

"The object of the Social-Democratic Party is to educate the workers of Canada to a consciousness of their class position in society, their economic servitude to the owners of capital, and to organize them into a political party to seize the reins of government and transform all capitalist property into the collective ownership of the working class. This social transformation means the liberation not only of the proletariat, but of the whole human race. Only the working class, however, can bring it about. All other classes maintain their existence by supporting the present social order."

D. Lorne McGibbon is one of the owning class. He got his start in the formation of a holding company of two rubber companies. These two companies are still separate entities in the eyes of the law. They are presumed by the people to be competing companies. But the holding company formed by McGibbon owns the majority of shares of each. Both companies are practically one — and hundreds of thousands of dollars in stock certificates were issued to represent the enhanced value of the businesses owing to amalgamation.

McGibbon is interested in the new sugar plant at Saint John, N.B. He is interested in many other industries through sharing in the ownership of the means of production. He also owns the Herald and robs the slave writers thereon, and the slave printers and other slave workers connected with the plant. The workers produce the wealth, and McGibbon is one of those who reach out and grab it in. He does this because of his capitalist ownership.

The Socialists propose to transform McGibbon ownership into working class ownership. The Herald slave writers, even if they sympathize with the cause that will bring them their freedom, are muzzled. Their pens write as capitalist McGibbon decides.

In Cowansville, the editor of this paper was talking with a resident. "Do you mean to say," said this gentleman, "that you are going to have people put their hands in your pockets and take out my money and divide it among everybody?" "No," was the answer, "we propose that you take your hands out of the pockets of the productive working class, and let them keep what they earn." The resident jumped about two feet and shouted, "That's robbery. I won't stand for it."

The Herald is smooth and suave and dignified and apparently fair to Socialism. But when the Socialists get strong and demand that McGibbon takes his hands out of the pockets of the working class, McGibbon will pull the strings, the Herald writers will throw conniption fits and shout, "This is robbery."

### A Hundred Thousand Dollar Suit

In its issue of October 9th, the Herald flung a seven inch heading across its front page. It was headed with the flaming word, "CONSPIRACY." It announced in big type over more than the whole two front pages that Sir Hugh Graham and others had tried to wreck the Herald. Consequently the Herald was taking an action in the Superior Court of Montreal for one hundred thousand dollars damages against the parties concerned. This case and the facts published in the Herald are interesting to the working class, and their relation to politics.

The Herald alleges that Sir Hugh Graham, owner of the daily Star, the daily Telegraph and the weekly Standard, conspired with the Hearst forces of New York and others to deprive the Herald of access to news sources, and to news features. It alleges that when the Herald started its weekly Sunday edition

it competed with the Standard and the Boston American and New York Journal, and so the owners of these papers went to the sources from which the Herald was getting news and circulation features and through higher prices induced the owners of these sources to break their contracts with the Herald. Says the Herald in fine, indignant style, and also in big type:

"It is not to be supposed that the laws of Canada, whether invoked by this suit or by any other procedure, are such that any newspaper can persistently and as a matter of fixed policy seek to crush competition by intervening between a competing newspaper and every source of supply with which it may attempt to deal."

The Herald thus grandiloquently appeals to the freedom of contract and the maintenance of competition. Here again the Herald appears to be fair and open and standing for right and justice.

But reading further in the Herald article we find that Sir Hugh Graham and McGibbon, on the 20th day of June, 1913, agreed that neither should, without the written consent of the other, "EMPLOY ANY MAN OR WOMAN WHO WAS THEN OR THEREAFTER MIGHT BE IN THE EMPLOY OF THE OTHER PARTY."

The wage worker has to seek a master. If he be a printer or newspaper writer he has to seek employment on newspapers. The Herald raises a great outcry because competition was stifled against it, but considers it right and perfectly proper that the three English evening papers of Montreal, and the three big weekly papers, the Sunday Herald, the Weekly Star and the Standard, should stifle all competition among themselves in the hiring of slaves. How gleefully they got together. How joyfully they made a contract whereby they as masters, would prevent their slaves from selling their labor power, their life as it were, to competing masters! When Cotton's Weekly lights into the Herald, the Herald says Cotton's is yawping. But here are facts acknowledged boldly and unashamedly.

The Herald sues the Star, Graham and others for one hundred thousand dollars, and as one of the reasons for seeking damages is the following, taken from the declaration of the Herald in the suit, "The Canadian Defendant (Sir Hugh Graham and the Star) in the furtherance of the conspiracy hereinabove set forth, have attempted to disorganize the service and staff of the Plaintiff Company (the Herald) by enticing from the employment of the said Plaintiff Company some of its best writers, printers and employees, and OFFERING THEM ENHANCED WAGES AND BETTER ADVANTAGES TO LEAVE THE SERVICE OF THE PLAINTIFF COMPANY."

The Herald says Cotton's is yawping when it speaks about the oppression of the capitalist class upon the workers. Yet the Herald makes a sneaking contract with Graham and the Star to keep the wage bill down, to prevent the slaves getting a bigger pay envelope, and when Graham breaks the bargain and some members of the working class are benefitted, the Herald howls like a whipped cur and runs to the courts with crying eyes, saying, "Boo, hoo, hoo, naughty Mr. Graham has spoiled our nice little plan under which we agreed to intervene between almost all the slaves from which English newspaper men in Montreal might get a job, spank him, spank him, Mr. Judge." And while it is crying its eyes out over this it says newspapers must have free competition to get news.

This is how the Herald likes the working class. McGibbon would not be able to get so much surplus values out of his slaves if he had to pay them more wages. The Herald loves the working class like the goose-herd loves his plucked geese.

If being forced to pay higher wages makes the Herald run to court for damages, what fits the Herald will have when the Socialists get powerful enough to demand for newspaper men as for others the full social equivalent of the services they perform!

### The Newspaper Situation

The newspaper situation in Montreal is like a scene from a Gilbert and Sullivan opera or from Alice in Wonderland.

There are three English evening papers in that city, the Star, which is rabidly Conservative, the Witness now called the Telegraph, which is rabidly Liberal, and the Herald, which claims to be independent.

The Tory Star and the Grit Telegraph are both the slaves of Sir Hugh Graham. While his slaves on the Star are boosting for Borden and sneering at the Liberal politicians and principles, his slaves on the Telegraph are writing fiery editorials supporting the Laurier party and denouncing Bordenism.

To such a situation the Herald takes exception. It was indignantly cries aloud to the public that it is infamous for one man to control the organs of both parties in Montreal. For itself it is independent. It supports either party in those measures which it thinks good.

The situation is such as would naturally develop. The only difference between McGibbon and Graham is that Graham knows his sheep readers better.

If legend speaks true, Graham has learned his public from experience and rough experience at that. In the old days, according to legend current in Montreal, in the days long before the editor of this paper was born, consequently he cannot vouch for the facts from personal experience, Sir Hugh had a mighty tough time in establishing the Star. The old Witness published by McDougall was in its heyday. Graham had hard work, little revenue and many bills. It is not necessary to go into those old days of Sir Hugh Graham, the millionaire and friend of nobility, those days when the coal bill was a worry and the lam. The Witness proprietor watched the struggles of the editor of the yellow Star with a sad complacency.

But Graham, from necessity, had to produce what the public would read. He had no Presbyterian followers to support him and he put up an article made to sell. He has succeeded, succeeded in the best of any publisher in Canada. Having succeeded in one line of publication by giving them what they want, it makes him worry to find the Liberal public escaping him. If the fool Con-

servatives want the dope the Star puts out, why cannot the fool Liberals be put under tribute to an organ that will publish what they want? If the Telegraph is not giving what the Liberal public want, Graham will sack the present writers, and hire other pen slaves, until the paper is made a success.

Graham is a capitalist. He is a reactionary. But he knows that capitalism and reactionaries have nothing to fear from Laurier or radicals. If the radicals abolish one form of exploitation, it is the wise policy of a reactionary to come out on top by means of another and newer mode of exploitation. "Why," reasons Graham, "should I not add to my wealth by shouting for reforms?"

Graham worked from the bottom up. McGibbon is the son of a corporation attorney now deceased. McGibbon knows the hard knocks. He knows the game. McGibbon is of the younger generation. To Graham the system of robbery has no glamor. He knows its mockery, its callousness and its cynicism. McGibbon has a certain respect for labor thieves. He considers it dignified and proper. Consequently his paper supports it in a dignified and proper way. It is horrified at the shamelessness and naked self-interest of Graham.

All three papers support the robbery of the slaves. The Star shouts for the robbery of the working class under the guidance of Tory politicians. The Telegraph shouts for the robbery of the workers under the guidance of Grit politicians. The Herald is "independent." It is for the robbery of the working class and for any measure and party that will be the most successful in enforcing and increasing that robbery. All three papers are one in supporting the system which gives the wealth producers misery and the capitalist wealth takers huge revenues.

### Workers and the Law

All men are equal in the eyes of the law, if they have the price.

McGibbon has the price. Therefore the courts will listen abundantly to his pleadings.

He has the price, and he knows how to use it.

He has engaged, in the aforesaid case, as his attorneys, four firms of lawyers as follows: McGibbon, Casgrain, Mitchell and Casgrain; Lafleur, MacDougall, Macfarlane and Pope; Fleet, Falconer and Bovey; Atwater, Duclos and Bond.

He has the price, because he has his hands in the pockets of the working class. He robs the working class. Consequently when he wishes to enforce the robber laws against a fellow skinner, with the price which he has stolen from the workers, he can call a whole raft of lawyers to plead his cause before the capitalist courts of Montreal.

But you, the worker, you are the goat. You are the robbed one. You have nothing but your slave pay, which hardly covers your living expenses. When you are rough-housed by your master, when you are beaten, even out of your slave rights, you have no money to go into the courts with. The lawyers of reputation want nothing to do with you.

The dollar sign is over the courts of Canada and the judges enforce the capitalist maxim, "If you have no wad, keep out."

### The Herald and the Tramways

The Herald alleges that Sir Hugh Graham desired to capture the Daily Telegraph and to own or wreck the Herald in order to control the English newspapers in Montreal so as to influence civic opinion. The Montreal Tramways, it is alleged, is seeking a new forty year franchise. Graham wanted to stifle opposition in order that the deal might go through and the Tramways add another hundred million dollars of water to their stock. The Herald raises its voice against this deal. It fights the Tramways plans.

This looks like civic pride. This looks like the Herald was out to protect the public interest.

But we must remember the capitalist ownership of the Herald. It is most likely that McGibbon has a fish to fry.

Supposing McGibbon has bought land outside the city limits and wants cheap fares. If cheap fares come, his land would go up in value. If fares remain steep, his land will be inaccessible and remain low in price.

This is one possible solution of the Herald's opposition to the Tramways deal. McGibbon has been fighting Robert of the traction robbers. They are rival labor skimmers.

Let not the workers of Montreal be deceived over the roar the Herald is putting up on this question. If two butchers quarrel over who shall have the right to skin a calf, the calf's only sensible procedure is to try and get away from both butchers.

The workers of Montreal should endeavor to get away from the control of McGibbon, Robert, Graham, and all the other useless, plundering plutes.

The Socialist method is the only way of escape.

### Graham warns McGibbon

In the issue of October 15th, Graham warns McGibbon of the danger of his course. He does this through the Star editorial columns, and he does it with a cynical disregard of the working class. The working class of Montreal, in Graham's eyes, are so stupid, so easily fooled, so obtuse to their own interests, that he can publicly tell the game the capitalists are working on the working class and the working class will not see it.

A machine, what of him? He sits in a back bench at Ottawa, and simply votes "right," and draws his salary. No trips abroad for him, no private cars, no servants waiting on his every move. When the session is over, he simply goes to Ottawa to vote as he is told—and does it. There are many circles within circles at Ottawa. Only those who have access to the sacred innermost circle are allowed to float on the sea of luxury, at the expense of the people.

The more the workers are exploited, the fuller the jails, asylums and pens become, the more millionaires are created, and the thicker swarm the real estate sharks, loan agents and mortgage fiends, the louder the howls from the capitalist press about the prosperity of the country.

—plunges us into the bottomless bog of utter human degradation—and no man knows where he stands. We had all rather deal with a convicted thief, with some notions of honor toward his associates, than with a man without honor, even if his thievery be all "within the law."

Further on Graham publicly declares that the "easy money" he and his class get comes through class consciousness on their part and the thieves sticking together. If the master class cannot have confidence in each other, their revenues will vanish. If the master class cannot trust each other the effect is obvious. Says Graham:

The effect of this upon all of us would be disaster and ruin. It is a commonplace of comment today how much more money most of us get than was dreamed possible thirty years ago. Where does it come from? Co-operation. And co-operation rests absolutely upon constant and ever-renewed and never-questioned mutual confidence. If big business men begin to distrust each other—to fear to depend upon each other's good faith—to dread betrayal by each other—the magic machine which makes all this "easy money" will collapse; and we shall all be back again in the old days where a dollar was a big round prize.

Let the slaves profit by the advice of Graham to his fellow skinner McGibbon. Let the working class of Montreal unite in one solid body with the working class of the whole of Canada to do away with the labor skinning fraternity, by capturing the political power, and taking the ownership of machinery of production and distribution away from McGibbon, Graham et al, and vesting the said ownership in the collective working class.

The worker fights for a living in the shops of the masters all day long, then goes to his home in the slums and fights bugs and lice all night long, then goes to his work in the shop and fights for a living all day long. And he is forced to pay rents to his masters for the privilege of fighting bugs and lice in the master's shack rented. Does the master fight bugs and lice? No, Cynth a, the home of the master is far and away up on the hills from the bug and lice district. The master and his family live in peace and plenty far from the miserable shacks of the workers. No flies, or dirt, no disease come his way. This must be right, for does not the master say that "the interests of capital and labor are identical?"

The world series of baseball has driven the Americans mad. Everything is being neglected for baseball. Funny how the masses will fall over each other in their efforts to boost any capitalist scheme. The baseball trust is flourishing like a green bay tree. The players are slaves and sign slave contracts. They are bought and sold and loaned like the slaves of the South formerly were. Nobody but a capitalist could gain control of even the tail end team of any league. It is big business, and is held up before the people of the U. S. in such a manner that they battle for the privilege of paying a heavy price to attend the games. The baseball trust sits back and smiles while the money rolls in in heaps. The beautiful points of athletics are drowned beneath a pile of dollars, while the public are hypnotized by the moans of finance, aided and abetted by the capitalist newspapers.

"How would you workers run the C.P.R. under Socialism?" asked a visitor at a Socialist meeting in Cowansville. "Do you imagine that a lot of workers could run such an institution as the C.P.R., and run it right?" This visitor was one of the unthinking kind. A comrade quietly answered him: "Do the workers not run the C.P.R. now? Do the working class not lay the tracks, make the cars, run the trains, buy all the supplies, keep the books, audit the accounts, and manage the railway from one end to the other? What does Lord Strathearn or any other stockholder know about railways except the drawing of dividends? Practically nothing. From the general manager down to the navy the actual work of the railway is in the hands of wage slaves. We run the railroad now from start to finish. Why couldn't we still do it under Socialism?" The visitor had nothing more to suggest in regard to railways.

A Russian grand duke traveling in the U. S. says that the Americans are not as free as the Russians. He claims the Russian peasant enjoys more freedom than does the American worker. This knocks all our preconceived ideas endways. But still, after a resume of the conditions in the States and Canada for the past few years, one must come to the conclusion that the grand duke is not so far out. West Virginia, Calumet and San Diego in the States, and Poreupine, and Vancouver Island in Canada have furnished examples and are doing so today which would make Siberia look like a counterfeit. Everybody takes a whirl at Russia and holds it up as a horrible example to the rest of the world, while overlooking conditions in their own country which are just as bad, and possibly worse. It is a good guess that we here in America head the list and have the largest percentage in the tyranny league.

The masters see to it that their faithful political henchmen are given a good time when their duties at Ottawa are over. Private cars and trips abroad are handed out to those who are high in the masters' confidence, and who are the most adept at pulling the wool over the eyes of the voters. High salaries and everything made easy are the rewards of the professional politician of today. But the old faithful Grit or Tory farmer politician who stands pat with the party and votes as a machine, what of him? He sits in a back bench at Ottawa, and simply votes "right," and draws his salary. No trips abroad for him, no private cars, no servants waiting on his every move. When the session is over, he simply goes to Ottawa to vote as he is told—and does it. There are many circles within circles at Ottawa. Only those who have access to the sacred innermost circle are allowed to float on the sea of luxury, at the expense of the people.

The more the workers are exploited, the fuller the jails, asylums and pens become, the more millionaires are created, and the thicker swarm the real estate sharks, loan agents and mortgage fiends, the louder the howls from the capitalist press about the prosperity of the country.



# Communist Manifesto

(Continued from last week)

## 2. Conservative or Bourgeois Socialism.

A part of the bourgeoisie is desirous of re-drawing social grievances, in order to secure the continued existence of bourgeois society.

To this section belong economists, philanthropists, humanitarians, improvers of the condition of the work class, organizers of charity, members of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, temperance fanatics, hole and corner reformers of every imaginable kind. This form of Socialism has, moreover, been worked out into complete systems.

We may cite Proudhon's "Philosophie de la Misere" as an example of this form.

The socialistic bourgeois want all the advantages of modern social conditions without the struggles and dangers necessarily resulting therefrom. They desire the existing state of society minus its revolutionary and disintegrating elements. They wish for a bourgeoisie without a proletariat. The bourgeoisie naturally cannot consent to the world in which it is supreme to be the best; and bourgeois socialists develop this comfortable conception into various more or less complete systems. In requiring the proletariat to carry out such a system, and thereby to march straightway into the social New Jerusalem, it but requires in reality, that the proletariat should remain within the bounds of existing society, but should cast away all its hateful ideas concerning the bourgeoisie.

A second and more practical, but less systematic, form of this socialism sought to depreciate every revolutionary movement in the eyes of the working class, by showing that no mere political reform, but only a change in the material conditions of existence, in economic relations, could be of any advantage to them. By changes in the material conditions of existence, this form of Socialism, however, by no means understands abolition of the bourgeois relations of production, an abolition that can be effected only by a revolution, but administrative reforms, based on the continued existence of these relations; reforms, therefore, that in no respect affect the relations between capital and labor, but, at the best, lessen the cost, and simplify the administrative work, of bourgeois government.

Bourgeois Socialism attains adequate expression, when, and only when, it becomes a mere figure of speech.

Free trade: for the benefit of the working class. Protective duties: for the benefit of the working class. Prison Reform: for the benefit of the working class. This is the last word and the only seriously meant word of bourgeois Socialism.

It is summed up in the phrase: the bourgeoisie is a bourgeoisie—for the benefit of the working class.

3. Critical-Utopian Socialism and Communism.

We do not here refer to that literature which, in every great modern revolution, has always given voice to the demands of the proletariat: such as the writings of Babeuf and others.

The first direct attempts of the proletariat to attain its own ends were made in times of universal excitement, when feudal society was being overthrown. These attempts necessarily failed, owing to the then undeveloped state of the proletariat, as well as to the absence of the economic conditions for its emancipation, conditions that had yet to be produced, and which could be produced by the impending bourgeois epoch alone. The revolutionary literature that accompanied these first movements of the proletariat had necessarily a reactionary character. It inculcated universal asceticism and social leveling in its crudest form.

The Socialist and Communist systems properly so-called, those of St. Simon, Fourier, Owen and others, spring into existence in the early undeveloped period, described above, of the struggle between proletariat and bourgeoisie (see section I. Bourgeoisie and Proletariat).

The founders of these systems see, indeed, the class antagonisms, as well as the action of the decomposing elements in the prevailing form of society. But the proletariat, as yet in its infancy, offers to them the spectacle of a class without any historical initiative or any independent political movement.

Since the development of class antagonism keeps even pace with the development of industry, the economic situation, as they find it, does not as yet offer to them the material conditions for the emancipation of the proletariat. They therefore search after a new social science, after new social laws, that are to create these conditions.

Historical action is to yield to their personal inventive action, historically created conditions of emancipation to fantastic ones and the gradual, spontaneous class-organizations of the proletariat to an organization of society specially contrived by these inventors. Future history resolves itself, in their eyes, into the propaganda and the practical carrying out of their social plans.

In the formation of their plans they are conscious of caring chiefly for the interests of the working-class, as being the most suffering class. Only from the point of view of being the most suffering class does the proletariat exist for them.

The undeveloped state of the class struggle, as well as their own surroundings, cause Socialists of this kind to consider themselves far superior to all class antagonisms. They want to improve the condition of every member of society, even that of the most favored. Hence, they habitually appeal to society at large, without distinction of class; nay, by preference, to the ruling class. For how can people, when once they understand their system, fail to see in it the best possible plan of the best possible state of society?

Hence, they reject all political, and especially all revolutionary action; they wish to attain their ends by peaceful means, and endeavor, by small experiments, necessarily doomed to failure, and by the force of example, to pave the way for the new social Gospel.

Such fantastic pictures of future society, painted at a time when the proletariat is still in a very undeveloped state, and has but a fantastic conception of its own position, correspond with the first instinctive yearnings of that class for a general reconstruction of society.

But these Socialist and Communist publications contain also a critical element. They attack every principle of existing society. Hence they are full of the most valuable materials for the enlightenment of the working class. The practical measures proposed in them, such as the abolition of the distinction between town and country, of the family, of the carrying on of industries for the account of private individuals, and of the wage system, the proclamation of social harmony, the conversion of the functions of the State into a mere superintendence of production, all these proposals point solely to the disappearance of

class-antagonisms which were, at that time, only just cropping up, and which, in these publications, are recognized under their earliest, indistinct and undefined forms only. These proposals, therefore, are of a purely Utopian character.

The significance of Critical-Utopian Socialism and Communism bears an inverse relation to historical development. In proportion as the modern class struggle develops and takes definite shape, this fantastic standing apart from the contest, these fantastic attacks on it lose all practical value and all theoretical justification. Therefore, although the originators of these systems were, in many respects, revolutionary, their disciples have, in every case, formed more reactionary sects. They hold fast by the original views of their masters, in opposition to the progressive historical development of the proletariat. They, therefore, endeavor and that consistently, to deaden the class struggle and to reconcile the class antagonisms. They still dream of experimental realization of their social Utopias, of founding isolated "phalanxes," of establishing "Home Colonies," of setting up a "Little Icaria"—duodecim editions of the New Jerusalem, and to realize all these castles in the air, they are compelled to appeal to the feelings and passions of the bourgeoisie. By degrees they sink into the category of the reactionary conservative Socialists depicted above, differing from these only by more systematic pedantry, and by their fanatical and superstitious belief in the miraculous effects of their social science.

They, therefore, violently oppose all political action on the part of the working class; such action, according to them, can only result from blind belief in the new Gospel.

The Owenites in England, and the Fourierists in France, respectively, oppose the Chartists and the "Reformists."

## IV. Position of the Communists in Relation to the Various Existing Opposition Parties.

Section II. has made clear the relations of the Communists to the existing working class parties, such as the Chartists in England and the Agrarian Reformers in America.

The Communists fight for the attainment of the immediate aims, for the enforcement of the momentary interests of the working class; but in the movement of the present, they also represent and take care of the future of that movement. In France the Communists ally themselves with the Social-Democrats against the conservative and radical bourgeois, reserving, however, the right to take up a critical position in regard to phrases and illusions traditionally handed down from the great Revolution.

In Switzerland they support the Radicals, without losing sight of the fact that this party consists of antagonistic elements, partly of Democratic Socialists, in the French sense, partly of radical bourgeois.

In Poland they support the party that insists on an agrarian revolution, as the prime condition for national emancipation, that party which fomented the insurrection of Cracow in 1846.

In Germany they fight with the bourgeoisie whenever it acts in a revolutionary way, against the absolute monarchy, the feudal squirearchy, and the petty bourgeoisie.

But they never cease, for a single instant, to instill into the working class the clearest possible recognition of the hostile antagonism between bourgeoisie and proletariat, in order that the German workers may straightway use, as so many weapons against the bourgeoisie, the social and political conditions that the bourgeoisie must necessarily introduce along with its supremacy, and in order that after the fall of the reactionary classes in Germany, the fight against the bourgeoisie itself may immediately begin.

The Communists turn their attention chiefly to Germany, because that country is (in the eye of a bourgeois revolution, that is bound to be carried out under advanced conditions of European civilization, and with a more developed proletariat, than that of England was in the seventeenth, and of France in the eighteenth century, and because the bourgeois revolution in Germany will be but the prelude to an immediately following proletarian revolution.

In short, the Communists everywhere support every revolutionary movement against the existing social and political order of things.

In all these movements they bring to the front as the leading question in each, the property question, no matter what its degree of development at the time.

Finally, they labor everywhere for the union and agreement of the democratic parties of all countries.

The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at a Communist revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win.

Working men of all countries, unite!

\*Phalanxes were socialist colonies on the plan of Charles Fourier. Icaria was the name given by Cabot to his Utopia and, later on, to his American Communist colony.

\*\*The party then represented in parliament by Ledru-Rollin, in literature by Louis Blanc, in the daily press by the Reforme. The name of Social Democracy signified, with these inventors, a section of the Democratic or Republican party more or less tinged with Socialism.

## THE END.

The armament trust forced war between Japan and Russia. The Japanese were supposed to have been victorious. The armament makers were the richer by millions of dollars. The Japs are now struggling along under a war debt which is stupendous. The whole country is in bad. Wages are low; men work in the fields for a few cents a day; women are bought and sold to the masters. The Japs are so poor he cannot eat his own rice, his staple food. When a foreign warship calls at a Japanese port the docks are lined with Japanese women willing to sell their souls in order to subsist, and grovel along in an existence we are pleased to term "life."

"Thou shalt not kill," thunder the preachers, and they go out as chaplains of an army which kills, burns, mangles and butchers men, women, and children, and leaves a trail of misery and devastation in its wake, from which the surviving populace can hardly ever recover.

The prosperity of Canada is caused by the amount of wealth which has been exploited out of the sweaty hides of the workers.

## Starved to Death

There was no one in the room; but a man was crouching mechanically over the stove. An old woman, too, had drawn a low stool to the cold earth and was sitting beside him. There were some ragged children in another corner, and in a small recess, opposite the door, there lay upon the ground something covered with an old blanket. Oliver shuddered as he cast his eyes toward the place, and crept involuntarily closer to his master, for though it was covered up, the boy felt that it was a corpse.

The man's face was thin and very pale, his hair and beard were grizzled, and his eyes were bloodshot. The old woman's face was wrinkled, her two remaining teeth protruded over her under lip, and her eyes were bright and piercing.

"Nobody shall go near her," said the man, starting fiercely up as the undertaker approached the recess. "Keep back! d-n you—keep back, if you've a life to lose!"

"Nonsense, my good man," said the undertaker, who was pretty well used to misery in all its shapes—"nonsense!"

"I tell you," said the man, clenching his hands and stamping furiously on the floor, "I tell you I won't have her put in the ground. She couldn't rest there. The worms would worry—not eat her—she is so worn away."

The undertaker offered no reply to this ravings, but, producing a tape from his pocket, knelt down for a moment by the side of the body.

"Ah!" said the man, bursting into tears, and sinking on his knees at the feet of the dead woman, "kneel down, kneel down! kneel around here every one of you, and mark my words, I say she starved to death. I never knew how bad she was till the fever came upon her, and her bones were starting through the skin. There was neither fire nor candle! she died in the dark—in the dark! She couldn't even see her children's faces, though we heard her gasping out their names. I begged for her in the streets, and they sent me to prison. When I came back she was dying; and all the blood in my heart has dried up, for they starved her to death. I swear it before God that saw it—they starved her!"

He twisted his hands in his hair, and with a loud scream rolled groveling upon the floor, his eyes fixed, and the foam gushing from his lips.

Reader, you doubtless recognize the above quotation. It was written more than a half century ago by Charles Dickens in "Oliver Twist." The surprising part is that there is more poverty, misery, suicide, crime and prostitution in the world today than there was in Dickens's time. Child labor was scarcely known then, while today more than two million children are being exploited in mines, mills, slums and sweatshops. Have we gained no economic knowledge in a half century?

## The Program of Human Happiness

J. A. Wayland

If our ancestors, centuries ago, with the crudest implements, supported themselves and kept their masters in idleness and luxury, how surely can we, with modern machinery, sustain the workers with all the good things of life with a four-hour-day if we but have the sense to institute a sane system of industry?

We have made a tremendous advance in every line of human activity but politics, which controls industry. On this line the people are still ignorant.

Of what use to increase production when it would gravitate to the rich and make them richer? Would it not be sensible to arrange the ownership of industries so that those who actually do the work, mental and physical, really get the results of their efforts, instead of keeping up a horde of modern kings, whose sole function is to swipe the things the workers produce?

The riches of the few are, and have always been, upon the credulity of the many. A world of beauty, purity and joy awaits you and your children forever if you will but open your eyes to the truth of the common ownership of things used to produce wealth. In this way, poverty is a result of ignorance on the part of the workers of the world. Read books and think and you will have more to be thankful for.

## What Would be your last Message?

Brand Whitlock

I don't know what I would do if I had only "two minutes to live," or what message I should give to the world. If I really thought I had only that time to live, I should like to think up a fine and noble message so that my last words might have the dignity of those we have read about which probably were't last words at all.

However, I think if I had the power to do what I wish to do for humanity, I would give every person the ability to put himself into the place of every person of the world. In this way, we would have that education that culture which comes of the highest quality of imagination, and that quality, I take it, has been most perfectly exemplified in the poets and saviors of the race in that they were able to feel and suffer what others were feeling and suffering, and when we come to a time when we realize just what the other is suffering we will be moved by the desire to help him, and when we are moved by the desire to help him we come to a time when we see that this help must be administered intelligently, and ultimately we realize that it is the denial of equality, the denial of liberty, political and economic, in the world which is the cause of most of its suffering. If we had a world made up of people possessing this quality of imagination, this kind of culture, we would soon do away with involuntary poverty, would mean to do away with all the crime and vice and most of the suffering in the world.

## A Common Heritage and Destiny

W. J. Ghent

Placed here on a giant raft, moving along the tides of an infinite ocean, sped from an unknown port and ignorant of its final haven, the race has a common heritage and a common destiny.

Gradually the huddling creatures on the raft become conscious of their powers; they erect shelters from the rain, the heat and the cold, and they fashion clever tools for making articles of use and beauty. By design, say some; by immutable law, say others. This raft is amply provisioned for a multitude of souls and an indefinite voyage; only that in every generation the cunning and the strong take to themselves the greater share, to the deprivation of others; \* \* \* But slowly among the victims arise a sense of injustice, the chaos and the waste of this practice; and more slowly, but still surely, the determination to be rid of it; to apportion upon equitable terms the common burdens, and to distribute in equitable shares, the common hoard.

That determination is growing and expanding will of the producing classes and its fulfillment will be the cooperative commonwealth.

## Rotten Deal on Vancouver Island

Local No. 18, S.D.P., Brockville, Ont., has passed the following resolution and sent it to the officials of the country, our capitalist politicians.

We, the undersigned, a committee, were appointed at the regular meeting of the S. D. P. local 18, Brockville, Ont., for the purpose of recording the most vigorous protest possible at the intolerable conditions now existing in the coal areas of Vancouver Island.

The strikers involved in this dispute have been subjected to the most arbitrary and despotic treatment at the hands of the coal-operators, imported strike-breakers, hired thugs and the militia. Words cannot express adequately our supreme contempt towards a government who by the attitude they have assumed have practically given their moral support to the perpetration of these indignities which have been heaped upon the heads of these unfortunate men.

The mine owners through the medium of their hired allies, have neglected to take the simplest precautions to insure the safety of the miners in their extremely hazardous calling. The repeated entreaties to obtain better working conditions have been met by the owners with threats and wholesale dismissals. The miners, seeing the futility of their appeals, adopted the only course left open to them, namely, a strike. Then followed the bloody drama of reprisal which has landed many an innocent man in jail, and left their wives and families at the mercy of the non-descript ruffians, who are creating a reign of terror in the strike-affected area.

That such a state of affairs can exist in a country where all men are supposed to enjoy an equal portion of liberty is unbelievable.

We therefore urge the government to authorize a commission to investigate the grievances and disabilities under which these men are working and take steps to prevent the repetition or continuance of such a horrible state of affairs.

That is the resolution adopted by the Brockville Local. It would be well for the working class of Canada to protest vigorously against the treatment handed out to their fellow slaves on Vancouver Island.

## How Workers are Treated

Every man is presumed to be innocent until he is proved guilty.

Have you not heard that statement made by our blatherskite politicians and newspaper yappers?

Read how the working class of Vancouver Island are treated while still presumed to be innocent.

Ninety-five men, working class men, it is needless to state, were flung into Nanaimo jail on various charges arising out of the strike.

These men are not found guilty. They are presumed to be innocent.

Yet they are flung into jail awaiting trial. Bail is refused.

Says the B. C. Federationist, in speaking of the Nanaimo jail and what the prisoners have to endure:

"It is an ancient edifice and was never intended to house 15 men awaiting trial, in addition to the regular prisoners awaiting trial. The cells have no sanitary arrangements or fresh water, and considering that the prisoners are shut up at 3.45 p.m., three in a cell, 6 by 9 feet, and remain there until the following morning at 8 a.m., with a bucket in the corner of the cell for the accommodation of those forced to comply with the demands of nature, the condition of the atmosphere at the

## Hard to get Soldiers

Many newspapers have published the following statements:

The officers of the rural battalion understand the effort necessary in recruiting for camp, and they have come to half-dread the annual training period. One of them is authority for the statement that approximately one-half of the members of a rural corps are sons of the farmers, farm hands, and then legitimately recruited in the regimental recruiting area. The other half are men who, out of work through circumstance or inclination, and without prospect of immediate employment, are ready to shoulder a rifle and draw the government's good money for two weeks, or four weeks if they can enlist with another regiment when the first camp breaks up, as some do.

When a recruit takes the oath and signs the muster roll of a company, he swears that he will turn out with the regiment on all occasions during a period of three years. Less than one-quarter of those enlisting every year ever come to camp again. New men have to be found to take their places in the ranks, and the regimental drag net is spread out, bringing in a motley catch.

## Towards "a Celestial Civilization"

J. Howard Moore

The present system of human industry is a system of cannibalism. We eat each other. The great mass of men and women are nothing but cobblestones for the lazy and Pecksniffian few to walk over.

No man has a right to a million dollars. I would be ashamed to be rich—to know that I had my share of the world and the shares of hundreds or thousands of my fellow-men besides.

We feel to feebly. We stand in the presence of wrongs and sufferings that ought to make our own viscera crawl, and yet do nothing more dynamic than sigh.

We grow weary sometimes, and discouraged, and feel hope within us slipping away like sands from wave-swept feet. We grow sick of the sneers, sick of the war and the worms, sick of the cold, horrible altars on which we bleed. But the future—that is the god to whom we feed our vitals—the long, radiant, ever-unfolding heaven-born future.

Oh, the hope of the centuries and centuries and centuries to come.

It seems sometimes that I can almost see the shining spires of that Celestial civilization that man is to build in the ages to come on this earth—that civilization that will jewel the land masses of this planet in that sublime time when science has wrought the miracle of a million years, and man no longer the savage he now is, breathes justice and brotherhood to every being that feels.

end of 16 hours' confinement can be better imagined than described.

"Tobacco is forbidden; there are no lights in the cells, and newspapers published in the province are not permitted in the jail and the men are fed the same food as those convicted and serving their sentences."

When a capitalist goes to jail for some crime, he is given the best of care. Wines and cigars are at his disposal. He is treated with great gentleness while awaiting trial, if he is not allowed out on bail.

But a common miner, a mere wealth producer, flung into a dungeon, teach the beggar a lesson. Let the carrion rot amid filth. That is the way the "justice of Canada" is administered.

Shall you stand for it, workers? Shall you let your masters ride roughshod over your fellow slaves?

The treatment of these miners in Nanaimo jail should sink into your hearts. The tale of your wrongs should shake the plutocracy of Canada to its foundation.

## What the Politicians Do

Protests should pour into Ottawa and to Victoria. You should appeal to your members of parliament and your local legislature.

But Borden and McBride are the agents of capitalism.

While the ninety-five men are in Nanaimo jail for the crime of daring to demand higher wages and better conditions, McBride slips off to Europe, AND BORDEN REFUSES TO CALL PARLIAMENT TOGETHER TILL NEXT YEAR.

The strikers are the slaves of Bill and Dan. Borden is the tool of these gentlemen, McBride is their tool.

The miners want higher wages. Bill and Dan do not want to pay higher wages.

The men want conditions of safety in the mines. Bill and Dan do not want the expense. Let the miners be blown skyward just as the blanket stiffs on the C.N.R. construction lines get blown to pieces or crushed and maimed by falling rock.

McBride is the agent of Bill and Dan. The B.C. funds are open to these gentlemen.

Borden is the agent of Bill and Dan. The Dominion treasury is open to these gentlemen. They got fifteen million dollars this year.

So when Bill and Dan want miners arrested on Vancouver Island, arrested they are.

When Bill and Dan do not want them to have bail, bail is refused them.

Cotton's Weekly is in the field, with a national circulation. Borden fears this paper, McBride fears this paper. He fears the working class which back this paper.

Consequently, McBride sneaks off to Europe AND REFUSES TO RECEIVE ANY COMMUNICATIONS FROM CANADA! BILL AND DAN ARE TO HAVE A FREE HAND WITH THE MINERS.

Borden refuses to call Parliament together. He does not want Parliament to be in session while Bill and Dan and the capitalist judges of Vancouver Island are giving hell to the striking miners.

Will you write a personal letter to R. L. Borden at Ottawa, demanding that he call Parliament together at once to deal with the mine-situation on Vancouver Island?

Will you get your local, your union to pass a resolution calling upon Borden to summon Parliament at once to deal with this question?

BORDEN DOES NOT WANT PARLIAMENT IN SESSION WHILE A ROTTEN DEAL IS BEING PERPETRATED ON THE VANCOUVER MINERS.

Make him call Parliament together.

## The Man with "Fixed": Opinions

Clyde J. Wright

The man who "don't know and don't want to know" is more dangerous than a cyclone he is liable to unconsciously deal death to the best friend he has on earth. He is like a man asleep at the switch.

The man who "don't know and don't want to know" might have been able to save himself from hell—he might have been able to help save society from chaos. "Of all sad words—it might have been."

But he didn't know and he didn't want to, yet we trusted this man with the ballot. He had the power to vote issues which concerned the welfare or the torment of others, and yet he goes to the polls and votes after boasting that he "doesn't know and doesn't want to know."

The man who goes to the polls and votes, when there is a political issue before the people which he does not understand, is a dangerous man to be at large.

A fool cannot understand—a bigot won't understand. Neither of them ever did anything for a waiting world.

## The Arts of Death

George Bernard Shaw

In the art of life man invents nothing; but in the arts of death he outdoes nature herself, and produces by chemistry and machinery all the slaughter of plague, pestilence and famine.

The peasant today eats and drinks what has been eaten and drunk by the peasants of ten thousand years ago, and the house he lives in has not altered so much in a thousand centuries as the fashion of a lady's bonnet in a score of weeks. But when he goes out to slay he carries a marvel of mechanism that lets loose at the touch of his finger all the hidden molecular energies, and leaves the javelin, the blowpipes of his fathers, far behind.

In the arts of peace man is a bungler. I have seen his cotton factories and the like, with machinery that a greedy dog could have invented if it had wanted money instead of food. I know his clumsy typewriters and bun-bun there are toys compared to the Maxim gun, the submarine torpedo boat.

There is nothing in man's industrial machinery but his greed and sloth; his heart is his weapons. This marvelous force of his which you boast is a force of Death. It measures his strength by his destructiveness. What is his religion? An excuse for hating me. What is his law? An excuse for hanging me. What is morality? An excuse for consuming without producing. What is his art? An excuse for gloating over pictures of slaughter. What are his politics? Either the worship of a despot because a despot can kill, or parliamentary, cock-fighting. From "Man and Superman," London, England.

Workers may not own their own houses, but they surely have a monopoly on jails, asylums and poorhouses.

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## The

(Talk delivered at the National Secretary's meeting at 189 W. Chicago, Sept. 28, 1913, at the land hop pickers' convention, Cal., Jall.)

## Fellow Workers:

The occasion here this evening one in the annals of the last few have followed the movement in this ten years no do the ever recurring called upon to me in protest against ion on the part of country. In a gr where you are call darity the centra been men and woc eat by reason of movement, and they have enlisted their defense than fortunate in their ment.

The case of the interest we are hee of them has any p members of the u named, nine in a gle for existence, being as hop picke Dursit ranch at ranch comprises a acres; the crop ran of hops and requir 1,500 to 2,500 woe allowed.

Dursit Brothe fun of seeing the and weave thev one pole to anothe they sell those ho of the profit wh cultivation and measured by how necessary labor p pick it and get it quence, when they collected on that w work them for as paying them by the number of boxes sold until it got but they also which they can back from them t ble, of the amou the expenditure of hop fields.

Now it happi me engaged in h hops on the Durst their numbers me who had been del own interest, wh labor question, had arrived at t together the indi dustry in which them together fo

When this s vested the worke plained of the c had to work. The provided for them own blankets. T could find a pla They had to buile of brush or can plus from the h had to bring alo make tents by go up gunny-sacks together and mal themselves. The using the labor p women, were not a roof over the ed, or not. They they got good maintain a commu those hop pickers side from this th Durst Bros. ch And you may be at the highest p very cheapest t market.

In that portio as plentiful as country. They w but the



# The Wheatland, Cal., Victims

(Talk delivered by Vincent St. John, National Secretary of the I.W.W., at a protest meeting at 189 West Washington Street, Chicago, Sept. 28, 1913, in behalf of the Wheatland hop pickers now confined in the Sacramento, Cal., jail.)

## Fellow Workers:

The occasion that brings us together here this evening is not by any means a rare one in the annals of labor movement, especially in the last few years. Those of you who have followed the trend of events in the labor movement in this country the last ten or fifteen years no doubt have been struck with the ever recurring frequency: you have been called upon to meet and to raise your voice in protest against some fresh act of oppression on the part of the employing class of this country. In a great many of these instances where you are called upon to show your solidarity the central figures in the case have been men and women of prominence, prominent by reason of their position in the labor movement, and because of that prominence they have enlisted more hearty support in their defense than those who have been less fortunate in their position in the labor movement.

The case of the fellow workers in whose interest we are here tonight is one where none of them has any prominence. They are simply members of the working class, unknown and unnamed, nine in number, who, in their struggle for existence, sold themselves for the time being as hop pickers to the owners of the Durst ranch at Wheatland, California. This ranch comprises some three or four hundred acres; the crop raised upon it consists wholly of hops and requires the labor power of some 1,500 to 2,500 workers to harvest, in the time allowed.

Durst Brothers don't raise hops for the fun of seeing the vines twine around the poles and weave their way over the strings from one pole to another. They raise hops because they sell those hops at a profit. The amount of the profit which accrues to them in the cultivation and growing of their hops is measured by how cheaply they can secure the necessary labor power to cultivate the crop, pick it and get it on the market. As a consequence, when they have those 2,500 workers collected on that ranch they not only give them work for a small wage, but they also pay them by the box, paying them by the number of boxes of hops they can pick from sunrise until it gets too dark to see to work—but they also figure various schemes by which they can tax these workers and take back from them the greater portion, if possible, of the amount that accrues to them for the expenditure of their labor power in those hop fields.

Now it happened that the men and women engaged in harvesting this last crop of hops on the Durst Brothers' ranch had among their numbers members of the working class who had been delving into the subject of their own interest, who had been delving into the labor question, and through such investigation had arrived at the point of striving to bring together the individuals employed in the industry in which they were working, to bring them together for a common purpose.

When this season's crop was being harvested the workers, as in past years, complained of the conditions under which they had to work. There were no housing facilities provided for them. They had to provide their own blankets. They had to sleep where they could find a place to spread those blankets. They had to build for themselves lean-to's out of brush or camp on the opposite from the windy side of the haystack, or else they had to bring along with them their tents or make tents by going out and stealing, picking up gunny-sacks and burlaps, putting them together and making some kind of shelter for themselves. The Durst Bros. who were profited by using the labor power of these 2,500 men and women, were not concerned whether the latter had a roof over their heads where they labored, or not. They were not concerned whether they got good food to eat. Durst Brothers maintain a commissary and every worker in those hop fields was supposed to buy his supplies from this commissary at whatever price Durst Bros. chose to charge for the same. And you may be sure the provisions were sold at the highest possible prices, while being the very cheapest the boss could find on the market.

In that portion of California water is not as plentiful as in some other part of the country. They have to bore artesian wells; but the workers were not allowed to get water from these wells, for the simple reason that Durst Brothers had another scheme whereby they took from those workers some part of the paltry wage received as hop pickers. The owners had a cart conveying acid and lemonade, a mixture of acid and some sweetening water, with a little sugar or some sweetening compound. Working in the hop fields under the burning sun induces a fierce thirst. These workers had to satisfy their thirst, and Durst Bros. compelled them to purchase this "mineral" lemonade from their cart at five cents per glass. The bosses would not allow them to pack a canteen of water into the field with them to their work. They said: "You either go through the day here struggling to make a few pennies per thirst, or else buy picking hops, suffering from thirst, or else buy some of our specially prepared mineral water. Some of our workers did not provide any facilities to enable men and women to attend to the calls of nature without stepping over the bounds of modesty and shame.

These are but a few of the grievances that resulted in bringing together the men and women working in those fields, so they held a meeting and while this meeting was in progress, while speakers from their own ranks, members of the working class employed in those hop fields were voicing the grievances of themselves and their fellow workers, the Durst Bros. sent to the village of Wheatland and had an arm of the law to appear on the scene in the shape of a village constable. He spotted some individual worker who, by reason of his activity had become marked, had made himself marked to them. They thought if they arrested this individual and took him off the hop field and had some one of their subservient justices of the village sentence him to the bastille for 30 or 60 days that would have a salutary effect upon the rest of those slaves in their employ. The constable came out there without a warrant, arrested a member of the working class, the one upon whom Durst Bros. in their ignorance, imagined all the agitation was depending. But the other workers refused to allow this constable to arrest their fellow worker. He was taken away from the constable. They said: "You have no warrant, you have no right, and we will not permit you to interfere with this man's liberty." So they took him away

from the constable. One of the women working in the field, in her excitement slapped the constable in the face and he went down the road sadder but somewhat wiser. The workers continued their meeting.

They had erected a little stand in order that the speaker might be able to reach all of those 2,500 workers and, while the meeting was in progress, Durst Brothers were busy with the telephone. They called up the county officials, exaggerating the occurrence that had just taken place; and the officials of that county the sheriff and the district attorney, county clerk, and others who were situated in handy call from the court house, being used to riding rough shod over the workers of that locality in the past, summoned their automobile, piled into it to the number of eight or ten, and rode out to the Durst ranch. They drove up to within a few feet of the speaker's stand and then, in the name of the law—that law which these workers have been told and which we all have been told is one and the same for rich or poor; that law that is supposed to spread its sheltering wings over the humblest inhabitant of the country—these emissaries of the law arose in their "majesty" and ignorance and commanded these workers to disperse. In order to emphasize their commands, they discharged a fire-arm in the air. The discharge of this gun, of course, created commotion, because these workers were like the average member of the working class, peaceably inclined they were too peaceable. They were so peaceably inclined that they were not prepared to be anything else but peaceable, and were there like a band of sheep in a corral without a gun.

The report of a gun emphasized the commands of the employer's emissaries; and the stand was torn down. But all the workers were not in frame of mind. A few of them were differently disposed, and pushed their way to the front in order to argue with these emissaries of the law, in this counter-motion these emissaries of the law, these brave gentlemen armed with shot guns, rifles and revolvers, lost their nerve and started shooting into this crowd of 2,500 defenseless workingmen and women. Whereupon a few active members of the working class, among whom was a native of the West Indies, worked their way through the crowd, threw themselves upon these fellows, wrenched their guns out of their hands and turned their own guns upon the sheriff and district attorney, with such good effect that when the smoke of battle cleared, the district attorney had gone to the reward as well as the sheriff and one of the deputies (loud applause) and a few, some four members of the working class had also laid down their burdens of this life, had ceased to be wage slaves. As soon as these fighting members, one of whom was the West Indian worker (who was killed in his effort to protect himself and his fellow workers), succeeded in gaining possession of the fire-arms from the posse, that posse put on the full power of their automobile and speeded down the road back to whence they had come.

Of course, they wired the governor, and he responded by sending two companies of militia, who threw a cordon around the ranch and commenced to pick out members, the men who made themselves conspicuous either in the battle which had taken place or in the agitation preceding the battle. They rounded up nine of them, and nine members of the working class today lie in the jail at Wheatland, California, awaiting their trial. Whether they are made victims to satisfy the demand for revenge, for vengeance and blood profit of Durst Brothers and the employing class of California, or whether they are permitted to go forth free men to again take up their labors in the struggle for working class freedom, depends entirely upon you and me and upon every member of the working class in this country. The purpose of this meeting is to try to impress that responsibility upon those present here today.

The purpose of this meeting is to give evidence of that feeling of solidarity that will make it impossible for the members of the employing class to victimize any worker, regardless of how little he may be, regardless of whether he is prominent or not in the labor movement, regardless of who or what he may be. We want to bring about a solidarity that will respond to the needs of every occasion; that will prevent oppression and take from the clutches of the employing class every member of the working class whose life and liberty may be in danger. Regardless of what the charge may be against them, regardless of what excuse may be offered, regardless of what the expense is to you or to me, we want to have that solidarity at such a point that the members of the employing class will know that if they lay the finger of the law upon the humblest member of our class that solidarity will respond just as effectively and with just as much resources behind it as if they touched the highest among our number. (Applause.)

## A FOOL'S PRAYER

Gerald J. Lively in "The Irish Worker."

Spume and froth and bubbles and spume,  
Wordily spun in a wordy chain.  
Froth has marked where strong men drowned;  
Bubbles have covered their dying pain.  
Colored at times with the rainbow rays,  
Which live on the death in the stagnant pool:  
Such are the words, all wordily wrought,  
Which express the thoughts of the thinking Fool.

Lord of the Lesser Levels help,  
Help the Fool in his helplessness;  
Send him the strength that he may write  
One strong thought in his foolishness.  
That he may write a verse for men,  
A verse that will sear and stab and sting,  
Bitter and burning and biting words,  
A verse that is fit for Men to sing.

Then thought may go and words depart,  
The spume dissolve, and the froth may flee:  
A ripple may banish the rainbow rays,  
The bubbles burst and the Fool be free.

There will be no charity doles under Socialism. There will be no need for them. Social justice will take the place of the degrading charity at present handed out. Capitalists say we are all equal before the law. The day has passed when they can get by with that statement. The courts of Canada are daily proving that the law is very flexible and can be stretched in any direction the courts please. The law can uphold the capitalists in anything they choose to perform, and it can also be utilized to crush the workers and keep their spirits on the same level as those of a cow. Do you imagine that the capitalists keep a government in line for the purpose of making laws favorable to the workers? There is only one law for the workers—the law of tyranny, and Canadians are groaning under that law today.

## Prosperity in Galt

The returns of the assessor of the town of Galt, Ont., show that the population has increased by 806 during the year, making the total population about 12,000. The assessor also reports three and four families housed under one roof. The capitalist papers call this a boom, and say the town is "prosperous." It is prosperous for the capitalist class only. Galt is in just the position that the masters are trying to get every town and city in Canada. Three and four families crowded under one roof means three and four rents collected for the outlay on one house. It means more work for the doctors. It means that slaves are plentiful to fill the mills and factories, and will bid against each other for the privilege of making profits for the masters. It means added revenues for the business men of the town. It means a list in the grab bag for everybody who belongs to the class which fattens off labor.

And it means more. Three and four families living under one roof and in the resulting close contact with each other, means quarrelling and bickering, jealousy, strife and misery, unsanitary conditions and all health.

Did any of the masters of the town of Galt ever live in a house which contained four families? The masters of that capitalist town live in fine large dwellings, roomy, comfortable, and sanitary. The slaves on whose backs the masters ride are compelled to live in shacks of four, five and six rooms, with three and four persons in each room. But they have arrived in Galt, they are forced to work for low wages, they cannot raise the price to get out of the town; they are there, and most of them for keeps. And the master smiles as he sees the crowded shacks and the cheap labor thronging at their doors begging for a chance to sell their labor power.

And the town is "prosperous."

## Socialist Smoker and Rally

One of the first fruits of our increased membership in Hamilton local was our smoker and rally held on the evening of October 10th. It was a success in every respect, and gives us encouragement and confidence to undertake similar entertainments in the future. Our own local provided most of the talent, but we are indebted to several non-socialist friends for their kind services. A Bradford comrade started off the evening with an interesting informative and concise statement of our Socialist principles. Comrade Dan Digney then led off the entertainment by sending us into fits with his anecdotes and mimicry. It was easily evident that he was no stranger to the platform, and we all look forward to his next appearance. Mr. Finlay's singing was a genuine treat. Sam Berry in his Harry Lauder role completely captured the audience. A duet by him and Mr. Goldie was also highly enjoyed. Messrs. Winn, Whitworth and Winn gave a most laughable boxing sketch. Com. Liechtenstein contributed to the evening's jollity with some funny yarns. The turns of Comrades Armstrong, Arnett, Crowhurst and Bert Winn were all well received. Mr. Wm. Jones ably presided at the piano. Comrade Gordon skilfully performed the duties of chairman. This smoker was the first venture of the kind ever made by Hamilton Socialists, and the results are such that we recommend this form of entertainment to any local which has not yet given it a trial. Besides enthusiasm and hard work on the part of its members a local to grow and be successful requires more funds than can generally be raised from members' dues. For instance, a regular meeting place conveniently situated, speakers from outside points, a good circulating library, leaflets for free distribution, and a good supply of literature for selling, all these are required, and they require money. Hamilton is on the high road to success.—J. A.

## Renewals

Some comrades think that we should look after renewals better. They write in advising that we take more pains in getting our subscribers to renew.

For a time we sent a notice under a one cent stamp for renewals. This did not seem to have any effect. We have tried sending the lists of expiries to those comrades who sent them in. If any comrade knows a better way we are willing to learn.

## CAPTAIN OF MY SOUL

W. E. HENLEY.

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not wined nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And all the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

The machine age is coming fast, but it will not benefit the workers unless they own the machinery. If the masters are allowed to retain possession of the machinery of production, as at present, the machine-age will mean the wiping out of thousands upon thousands of the working class. They will be forced out of a job and will starve. The machine age is due soon. Will Socialism be on the job when it arrives? The masters are grabbing on to every invention in the machine line which means the abolition of human labor power. They will be ready when the time comes; they are ready now. Are you going to boost Socialism and be ready also to boost the machinery of production from the hands of the robbers and apply it to the benefit of the whole people? Or, as Service says, are you going to "die like a dog in the ditch?"

The British Admiralty has ordered from private yards three battleships, heavier and more powerful than the Queen Mary which is being built by Messrs. Palmer & Co., Jarrow. By the autumn of 1915, Britain will have 42 Dreadnoughts at sea, each with a small army of fighting men aboard, forming a fine target for a single individual in an aeroplane. If we did not know that the admirals and statesmen responsible for the expenditure are shareholders in the shipbuilding firms, we might conclude that they are insane, or at least foolish, but knowing what we do, we are forced to conclude that they are more rogue than fool.—International Socialist.

## Police Bull in the Tolls

A comrade of British Columbia sends us the following clipping from the Victoria Times. It concerns a policeman who used to say that if he had his way he "would fill the jails of the province with those damned Socialists." Now something different from Socialism has landed him behind the bars. Wonder if his eyes are opened yet?

The following is the extract:  
This morning Sydney J. Beckett, a former member of the police force, in which he was a sergeant in the mounted branch, was sent to jail for one month for having obtained the sum of \$10 from Russell E. White by false pretences; the pretences being by means of a cheque on the Great West Permanent Loan Company. Instead of having funds there to meet this there was an over-draft of \$7.24 on the account since April last.

The case had been stayed since early in the week in order to allow the defendant to secure the presence of one Alex. McDonald, whom he had sworn was negotiating a financial deal through with him out of which he would receive a commission, or to get evidence of a cheque for \$6,000 which was said to have been drawn by McDonald and certified at his bank.

When the case was called, J. S. Brandon, for the accused, said they had been unable to secure Mr. McDonald, and he asked that the case be dismissed.

City Prosecutor Harrison said he had no objection to a remand of any reasonable length of time to get the man or the cheque, but he declared that the whole story was a clumsy and flimsy fabrication, with improbability written all over it.

Magistrate Jay commented upon the alleged fact that a man would be so ready to invest \$6,000 in a business after the slight inquiry into its affairs said to have been made by McDonald, and that after getting a cheque certified he would have disappeared without closing the deal. He regretted that he had to find the accused guilty, but that he was guilty the court had no doubt. There was no reason for a suspension of sentence, seeing that the defendant had been a police officer, but in view of his good record while on the force, the sentence would be made one month.

One baby has died in Montreal every two hours since the year began. Altogether 4,305 children under the age of five years have passed away, or 53 per cent of the total death rate of the city. The newspapers of the city say they do their best to arouse public sentiment against this brutal waste of life by pointing out the horrible slum conditions which breed disease and death, but "the public goes on its way unheeding." What is the use of pointing out the slum conditions? Everybody in Montreal should know and probably do know that the slums of the city are fierce. What do the landlords of the city care for public indignation? What do the masters of finance and the class who reap profits from the slums care for what the public may think, under present conditions? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Well they know that the struggle for a living in the city is so deadly in earnest that the average man has no inclination to take a chance of feeling the iron heel of capitalism in an effort to suppress the rotten conditions of living. A worker who is game enough to go out on strike generally has a hard time of it, so he worries along, and lets others do the same. The weak are forced into the slums and are exploited and robbed and murdered. The capitalist rule Montreal, and the authorities of the city are helpless against them. The official who means business and starts in with a determined effort to clean up the city is met by opposition on all sides. He has no chance. His well meant efforts are silenced and he joins the mob of "let George do it" people. As long as capitalism is in full sway in Montreal there will be slums, and dead and suffering children of the slums. Socialism will sweep the slums and their accompanying evils from the face of the earth.

A barrel of high grade flour costs in Winnipeg \$5, in Montreal the same grade is \$5.10, and in London, England, it costs \$4.18. A barrel of patent flour costs in Winnipeg \$4.80, in Montreal \$4.90, and in London, England, \$4.06. A barrel of bakers' flour costs in Winnipeg \$3, in Montreal \$4.10, and in London, England, \$3.60. The Belleville Intelligence asks "How is this? The wheat from which the flour is manufactured is grown in the Northwest, purchased in the Northwest, freighted from the Northwest, some 5,000 miles to England, and insured, manufactured into flour, placed upon the market and sold, with the dealers' and manufacturers' profits added, cheaper than it can be purchased in Canada. How is this done?" This is done in the same manner that the numerous other hocus pocus stunts of the capitalist robbers are performed. Lumber is another instance. Lumber can be purchased on the British market for less than in the lumber yards where it is sawn in Canada. Leather can be purchased in the old country cheaper than at the tannery door in Canada from which it is shipped. Fowl are killed, plucked, frozen and packed in refrigerator cars, shipped to Montreal, transhipped on boats, transhipped again at the old country ports, put on the market and sold at less than the Canadian consumers can buy them here. For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the heathen capitalist system is certainly peculiar.

General Sir Ian Hamilton says Canada must be treated as if it were under martial law. Every home in Canada—more than a million in all—must be visited by a government official. The name of every man liable to military service must be taken down, including both the boy who is just passing into manhood, and the man of sixty who has become a grandfather. There are lots of twenty-year-olds in Canada who will never be forced to take hold of a rifle, who could take either Hughes or Hamilton out into a back yard and trim them to a finish. And 'twould do them good. But we digress; men such as the above do not do the fighting. They issue the orders and the working class wield the cleavers and do the slaughtering. Hughes, Hamilton, not any of their class will ever put their precious carcasses encased in their brilliant uniforms into any place where they may perchance be punctured by a bullet. They are shadow fighters, animated windbags, and the lickspittles of their capitalist masters.

There is many a union man walking around today with a spare dollar in his pocket which would buy a good many loaves of bread for the children of the striking miners of Vancouver Island. Loosen up, cut out beer and pool for a week or two, and the hearts of little children will be made glad, and their fathers will go forth to the struggle with renewed hope and faith that the solidarity of labor is not a myth. Send your dollar to The Defence Committee, G. A. Moore, Secretary, Box 830, Nanaimo, B.C.

## Toadying to His Master

The little editor and manager of the Creston Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd. appears to be trying to curry favor with his master when he sends us the following: "Please do not send that reeking, rotten, reprehensible Cotton's Weekly to this office again, whether in exchange or in any other way, and greatly oblige The Creston Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd. A. B. Stanley, Editor and Manager."

The little Editor and Manager worked himself into such a rage in his efforts to make strong with his boss and be faithful to his boss' interests that he neglected to inform us where the Creston Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd. held forth. Will some comrade of our 30,000 subscribers scattered throughout the length and breadth of Canada in nearly every little hamlet, village, town, and city, kindly let us know where this little Creston Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd., with its little innocent wage slave editor and manager, attempts to carry on this thing: they term "business?"

## "A Breeze from the Mountain Top"

The mail at Cotton's often contains strange creatures of the brain. Some berate Cotton's Weekly and all concerned with its publication; others laud it to the skies; some call us loathsome names and order the paper stopped; others raise a fraternal fuss with us because they have not had their paper delivered regularly; while still others find fault with the manner in which the paper is printed and edited. Altogether the letters make us glad. The laudatory letters make us glad that the seed of Socialism is falling on fertile ground; the declamatory articles make us glad also, for we know that we are touching the spot, and that when a man gets sore and orders his paper stopped, he will hunt high, and wide to get another and read it. And getting them to read it is our sole aim in life. We know of many people who will not take Cotton's Weekly from the postoffice, and who pry around until they can find a copy, then go away alone and read it from start to finish. Therefore we are glad in any case, for "Truth crushed to the earth shall rise again."

Above this article we give a sample of what happens along in the way of abuse of the little fighting paper. It was probably written by a wage slave who has the first dim inkling that he is being robbed by his master. He is sore, sore all through, and attempts to bite the hand which feeds him. No matter whether the paper comes to his shop or not, he will secure one, and will read it. Therefore we are glad. Below we give another article the like of which does not often land in newspaper offices. We are glad also. Here it is:

Dear Comrade—Herewith I am sending copies of the "Socialist," and "Organizer," both of which papers I am at present editing. I should dearly love to get Cotton's Weekly as an exchange for one of them, though I shall send both. When in New Zealand, as editor of the Maoriland Worker, I was never more pleased than by the regular receipt of Cotton's. It is like a breeze from the mountain top. I trust the dear little weekly is prospering, and that you are not financially harassed with your enterprise. Put me on the exchange, and accept my fraternal greetings and regards, likewise congratulations. With every good wish, sincerely yours, R. S. Ross, Melbourne, Australia.

## The Sympathetic Strike

Horace Trauble

I do not wonder that you are alarmed, dear masters. You will have to get together more and more just as we are getting together more and more. You stand for money. We stand for men. You stand for properties. We stand for peoples. You who are not wise enough to be brothers are shrewd enough to suspect brotherhood. Your guess is exact. What you think we propose doing we may do. If property is entitled to come first, then you are defenders of the truth. If people are entitled to come first, then we are defenders of the truth. Your dollars are contesting the field with our people. Brotherhood will destroy you. You feel it. You don't say the thing that way. But that is what it amounts to. So you get together. You, all of you, dear masters. You sternly face about and accuse me. We are menaces of property. So we are. You see that, and we are also slaves of men. That you do not see. You are commencing to understand that two quarrelling powers can't reign in one world. That money can't reign if men are to reign. You are distressed by every tendency of men to realize practical solidarity. And you should be. For solidarity leaves you out. Includes you as men and excludes you as capitalists.

## Lyceum work discontinued

The Lyceum Courses of the U.S. have been discontinued, unless the Socialist National Committee of the U.S. order them continued. The second year the deficit was \$15,000.

The Lyceum work this year was to be undertaken provided only there was 600 contracts. So far there have been but 400. This in the eyes of the National U. S. Executive Committee, is not sufficient.

This section of Socialist work, therefore, stands discontinued.

Canada is full of the necessities of life. The fruit crop has been tremendous, the elevators are bursting with grain, the cold storage warehouses are full of produce, meats, fish, and fowl, to the doors. And there are numberless people on the verge of starvation in the cities and towns of the country. Through no fault of their own, men, women, and children by the thousands know not where to lay their heads at night. Their stomachs are empty, their limbs tired and aching, their spirits depressed and broken. They are the results of the brutalizing capitalist system. They have no chance. They will linger and die, and others who will have failed in the terrible struggle for a living will sink down and take their places in the hellish march of misery.

The governments are full of lawyers, doctors, and professional men of all descriptions. Will they make laws favorable to the working class, or will they obey the capitalist class, who supply them with the honey? You can gamble your old blue jeans that the professional men are out for the honey every time. T'll with the workers.

British postal workers are considering a strike for the Christmas season. They are becoming tired of toting around Christmas cards till their legs ache and their backs give out.



## Smoke of Herbs For Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way and It Costs Nothing to Try.

This preparation of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is either smoked in an ordinary cigar or cigarette, or by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs or sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way; the worst case of Catarrh can be eradicated.



It is not unpleasant to use, and at the same time it is entirely harmless, and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as Catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balsamic antiseptic smoking remedy goes to all the affected parts of the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the ordinary treatments, such as surgery, stimulants, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and cannot reach all the affected parts.

If you have Catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches, if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple but scientific treatment should cure you.

An illustrated book which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of Catarrh will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 192 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada.

We will also mail you five days' free treatment. You will at once see that it is a wonderful remedy, and as it only costs one cent a day for regular treatment, it is within the reach of everyone. It is not necessary to send any money—simply send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.

## THOUSANDS SELLING

Thomas Paine's Complete Works \$1.50  
Six Lectures, T. H. Green 75c  
Sex Science, T. H. Green 75c  
Not Guilty, Blackford 25c  
Riddle of the Universe, Haeckel 25c  
Evolution of Man, Haeckel 25c  
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We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, or whether you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumigations, patent medicines, etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense, that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and then begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it today.

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FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 108 H. Niagara and Hudson Streets, Buffalo, N.Y.  
Send free trial of your method to:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

THE ABOVE SHOW FOR THEMSELVES WHAT A FEW WEEKS USE OF SCHLEGEL'S MAGIC EYE LOTION HAS DONE.

GRATEFUL PATIENTS TELL OF MOST MIRACULOUS CURES. GRANULATED LIDS, WILD HAIRS, ULCERS AND CATARRHS—IT MAKES WEAK EYES STRONG AND GIVES INSTANT RELIEF TO THE BURNING, ITCHING OR SORENESS OF STRAINED EYES OR EYES HURT BY NIGHT WORK.

If you suffer from Weak, Sore or Failing Eyes—either diseased or weak from old age—and have tried doctors, oculists and all kinds of remedies, do not be led to believe that there is no hope for you.

Write today for a trial bottle of Schlegel's Magic Eye Lotion. It will cost you nothing either now or at any other time, and you will be surprised at the wonderful and instant benefit it gives to those who suffer from any one of dozens of eye ailments.

Grateful patients testify to almost miraculous cures of Catarrhs, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes and nearly all Eye Diseases.

Many persons write that they have thrown away their glasses after using this magic remedy for only a week. You are not asked to send so much as one penny to test what this marvel-

## CUTTING EXPENSES

We are cutting expenses at Cotton's, cutting them to the bone. We had prepared for the extended subscription list we were certain your enthusiasm would have provided.

But either you have not enthused, or your chains of slavery have prevented you from fulfilling your heart's desire.

The list has gone down, not up. There are old comrades of the Firing Line who have dropped out of sight. Others have sent in fewer subs. Were it not for the faithful standbys who are ever on the fight, ever opposing their masters, ever raising the standard of revolt, Cotton's would have gone under long ago.

We sincerely trust that the spirit of revolution will grow and flame forth again, causing your paper to leap forward in power.

However, until you respond, until your local again becomes active, until you as a body renew your zeal, we must adjust ourselves to our fallen revenues.

## AGITATION BATTERY

Many comrades are in such a position that they cannot hustle subs. The Agitation Battery just suits needs. The money is used to place Cotton's in new hands. All sums cheerfully received.

The following are the contributors to the Battery since last report:

Balance on hand \$53.52  
Redickville, Ont. 1.00  
Ferne, B.C. 1.50  
Blind River, Ont. 1.00  
Kelowna, B.C. 3.00  
Winnipeg, Man. 2.00  
Kitwanga, B.C. 2.15  
McIntosh, Ont. 2.00  
Shillingthorpe, Sask. 2.35  
Bridgburg, Ont. 2.00  
Montreal, P.Q. 25

Spent since last report \$69.77  
Balance on hand \$67.77

## MANITOBA HUSTLERS

Socialists aim to capture the political power. They are organized into a political body. A hustler to this paper, whether a party member or not, wishes to see the present system overthrown and a just one put in its place.

The following is a list of hustlers in Manitoba according to Dominion electoral district, together with the names of the capitalist henchmen the various districts have returned. These hustlers are the backbone of the revolt against capitalist misrule in the various districts.

Brandon, J. A. M. Atkins, Conservative M.P., 10 hustlers  
Dauphin, R. Cruise, Liberal M.P., 24 hustlers  
Lisgar, W. H. Sharpe, Conservative M.P., 1 hustler  
Macdonald, W. D. Staples, Conservative M.P., 7 hustlers  
Marquette, W. J. Roche, Conservative M.P., 3 hustlers  
Portage La Prairie, A. Meighen, Conservative M.P., 3 hustlers  
Provencher, J. P. Molloy, Liberal M.P., 3 hustlers  
Selkirk, G. H. Bradbury, Conservative M.P., 6 hustlers  
Souris, F. L. Schaffner, Conservative M.P., 5 hustlers  
Winnipeg, A. Haggart, Conservative M.P., 38 hustlers

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Suite 301, Dominion Trust Building  
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Open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 7 to 9 p.m.  
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W. U. COTTON, S.A., B.C.L. ADVOCATE  
Cotton's Block, Cowanville P. Q.

Long hours of labor means short hours of life.

## COTTON'S SUBSCRIPTION RECEIPTS

In September, 1912, we received \$330.75 for subscriptions, etc. For September, 1913, we received \$383.20. This shows a gain over 1912, but away worse than 1911, when our receipts for subs were only \$75.25.

Our receipts for October, 1912, for subs, etc., by weeks were as follows: Week ending Oct. 4th, \$103.60; week ending Oct. 11th, \$144.10; for week ending Oct. 18th, \$286.3; for week ending October 25th, \$190.70; for week ending Nov. 1st, \$154.15.

For October 1913 so far the receipts for subs, etc., have been, week of Oct. 4th, \$160.70; for Oct. 11th, \$97.45. For five days out of the seven of the week of Oct. 18th, receipts for subs were only \$74.25.

A spirit of apathy is abroad among our hustlers. There is no use hiding the fact.

Next week's report will show the expiries of the forty week and yearly subs. Will every comrade of the Firing Line go forth valiantly to gather in the subscriptions?

## NEW LOCALS

The following are the new locals of the S.D.P. Montreal Jewish No. 4, P.Q.; Lachine-Looka Ukrainian, No. 5, P.Q.; Assiniboia, Sask., English, No. 10; Elma, Finnish, Man., No. 24; Chase River, B.C., English, No. 33; Toronto English, No. 37.

These are ready to wage the fight upon capitalism with vigor. Other places where Cotton's goes and not now organized, should organize.

Cotton's Weekly has distributed 1,500 copies of How to Organize in the last month of Nov. The Provincial Executive of Manitoba has ordered 240 copies. We are getting out a second edition.

If you are not organized, get active now and form a local. United organized effort is better than individual effort.

## WATCH FOR SUB BLANK

In each and every paper this issue is inserted a sub blank. This sub blank is put in for you to use. We are having a hard pull and right now a goodly bunch of money is needed to keep us straight with the supply houses and pay the wage bill.

Use the sub blank. One dollar will secure four forty-week subs for the paper. One dollar from each of you would work miracles for the cause of Socialism in Canada. The movement needs the money, and the circulation of Cotton's needs a boost if ever it did. Is 30,000 the dead line for a Socialist paper in Canada? It looks like it, though we think otherwise.

Some of our hustlers are intensely alive, and respond at every call, and often without receiving a call, while others are intensely dead, and do not seem to care whether the paper gets as dead as they are.

Unity of purpose is the only remedy that will boost the circulation of a Socialist paper. A few cannot do it, and it is not fair to our live hustlers to be forced to sustain the burden. If we could only inject some "grit up an'it" into the veins of the somewhat ones the circulation would soon be floating around the 50,000 mark, and we would have more than a couple of feathers to fly with.

It is a lot of work putting these sub blanks into each paper, and it is costly. What are you going to do with them?

## SUB HUSTLERS

Sub hustlers are those slaves who realize their slave position and know they cannot free themselves as long as the majority of slaves are content with slavery.

Therefore they get on the job of making their fellow slaves discontented. They hustle subs for Cotton's. They round among their shopmates, their associates, their approach strangers, and get subscriptions.

These they send in with the cash and Cotton's goes forward for forty weeks.

They work for no commission, that is why the price of this paper can be so low.

If any reader of this paper feels his slavery grinding him and wishes to get subs, we will forward him on request sub blanks and return envelopes.

Surely there are many of our hundred thousand readers who are willing to help spread Cotton's and give it greater power to fight their battles. How many of you will come forward with subscriptions.

## FEEDING THE POST OFFICE

Cotton's has been feeding the post office.

About every six weeks we have been forced to appeal to our supporters under first class postage, explaining the condition at this end, and urging them to get busy. Each time we do this we have to feed the post office \$35.

With other expenses these appeals cost us between \$50 and \$60 each. We have always hated to do this. But other Socialist papers have had to do it.

We do not want to feed the post office. We would rather use the money to spread Socialism.

You can save this sum, comrades, by considering this to be a PERSONAL APPEAL to each of the hustlers, to each of the 1750 comrades who have during the past year gathered subs.

Elsewhere we tell you how the subscriptions have been going down and the cash receipts going down also.

You can change all this by getting subs. If you have not a sub blank, you can write the names and addresses of the slaves you persuade on blank paper of the slaves you persuade.

If each of you will respond to this appeal, not waiting the one upon the other, you can send the list sky-hooting and the plates rooting for the cyclone cellar.



From Onaway, Ont., come four.  
From Metz, Ont., come three more readers.

Billtown, N.S., and neighborhood, get fifteen more copies of Cotton's.

Birdette, Alta. tumbles in six new subs, and glory be, more are coming.

One dollar from Preston, Ont., go to feed the fires of the revolution at Cotton's.

"I am sending you two dollars for a further continuation of your paper." Wyehood, Park, Ont.

From Blind River, Ont., come two dollars to spread the light that is flowing on into perfect justice.

"Enclosed please find three dollars for the Battery. Am too lazy to get subs, so this is the way I take to help."—Kelowna, B.C.

"I am no millionaire, but do the best I can for the cause," says a hustler of Mecheche, Alta, as he feeds a dollar to the revolution.

From West Toronto comes an order for twelve sub cards. When these sub cards get to work, a lot of hard-pan plus ideas will find themselves busted into shifting sand.

"Have been out to the mountains rustling for winter's grub stake. Couldn't respond any sooner. Enclosed you will find five dollars for subs and sub cards." Tulameen, B.C.

"Enclosed please find four. Miners are still on strike, but everything looks towards winning. The militia are still here, but they have nothing to do. Also lots of police. I do not know what they are kept here for."—Nanaimo, B.C.

"Enclosed please find 52 for subs, and \$2 for Battery. A comrade sent me four of these subs, also a dollar for Battery. Sorry to note how the hustlers are falling down, but there is a good time coming. They'll wake up."—B.C. Comrade.

"I enclose four. Nearly everyone here gets your paper, consequently it is no easy matter to get new subs. If as many in other places in proportion to population took your paper, you would have the largest circulation in Canada."—Bergland, Ont.

"I enclose one dollar for three new subs and my own renewal. I will try and send in some more subs as fast as I can persuade them to learn what Socialism really means. If they will only read Cotton's Weekly they will get their eyes opened."—Milestone, Sask.

"I can't gather subs very fast, as I am busy and have not much time. A farmer has to work fifteen to eighteen hours a day, so there is no reason to kick if you want 'work.' There are lots of Socialists in this country. If a Socialist candidate were to run he could poll a big vote."—Melfort, Sask.

"Can't you get some articles from Budden or from Smith. It used to be a pleasure to see their names at the head of an article."—Winnipeg, Man. We are waiting for Budden and Smith to come through with more articles, also for J. K. Mergler, and the other splendid writers the Canadian movement has developed.

"I enclose four. I note what you say about replacing our M.P. with a Socialist candidate. You seem to take it for granted your subscribers here are all Socialists, but this is by no means the case. Many are indifferent, lukewarm, ordinary boneheads who will not study to become class-conscious Socialists."—Ontario comrade.

"Please send me two hundred copies of 'The Parable of the Water Tank.'—Prussia, Sask. There are some plute ideas that are going to be jarred round Prussia pretty soon.

"My experience with Cotton's is that it is mental dynamite—a person's first glance at it makes him jump, but used, it is a great moulding force."—Montreal.

A Newfoundland comrade sends 13 subs and writes, "You may wonder why I am sending these from St. John. The reason is I am a coasting master and am coasting all the time. I pick up a name wherever I can get one. We haven't much Socialism here yet in this country, but we would like to get read up on it, should such a movement take place."

"Most of the slaves are ignorant, and proud of it. They cannot see the sun of life and freedom, the sight of which makes you and I live, even now, in a different world. With our eyes fixed on the object of our achievement we will advance steadily until the throng is so large that those who will not learn will be swept along with the stream."—Berlin, Ont.

"Perhaps, when we have flying machines more perfected, we will be able to get away from the muckrake and get up and take a look at ourselves as we would a bunch of flies—gone crazy, killing each other, starving each other, anything at all. 'Possession written on the teeth and nails, and thus it has come to a generation after generation. How long, O Lord, how long?'—Berlin, Ont.

"Enclosed find \$6, send twenty-four sub cards. We are doing what we can here, sowing the seed, even sometimes in the cleft of the rock. We are looking up renewals with general success."—Stratford, Ont.

"Enclosed please find \$2 for Battery. A large crowd attended my lecture on The Philosophy of Socialism, and on the whole the outlook was most encouraging."—Minktonas, Man.

"This is the first time you have heard from me. Am not getting your little paper at present, but had it sent to me for a year through a friend. I had no money to renew. Since then have been threshing and have earned a few pennies. The past few days have been bad weather, so while

I was in town I thought it would be my chance to see how many subs I could get. By night I found I had twenty-six besides my own."—Wynyard, Sask.

Enclosed please find \$3 for subs and Battery. I went down to the Dominion Hall, Pender Street, Vancouver, on the 16th of September, but found there was no meeting, much to my disappointment. South Hill, Vancouver, local, was formed while I was in Vancouver. It is not in your Socialist directory, so I did not know where they held meetings, and no one seemed to know. I must say I enjoyed the meeting of the S. P. C. local in Empress Theatre. I would like very much to see the party united."—Mrs. M.A.O. Fernie, B.C.

LAURIER VS CHILDREN'S EDUCATION  
To the Editor of Cotton's Weekly:  
—Hoping you will spare me a few lines in your paper to describe an "Educational Campaign Meeting" held in the town hall, Franklin Centre, P.Q., Oct. 8, 1903. Between 75 and 100 persons attended, all deeply interested in the education of their children. The result was that none of the school commissioners of this town, or any mentioned speaker appeared, and had it not been for the inspector of the schools, who admitted that he had to hurry away from a town where Laurier was speaking, and where all the commissioners and other heads of the town were holding forth, the meeting would in all probability have not been opened.

There were seven lamps in the room, and five of them turned dark a few minutes after the start of the lecture for want of cleaning. This is the sort of campaign we have under the present system of education. People who have charge of the education of the children of the country seem to think more of the babblings of a professional politician than of the interests of the children who are soon to be the mainstay of the land.

It is good guessing that the hall in which Laurier spoke was well lighted and well crowded. When a group of the leading citizens of a town desert a meeting in the interests of the education of the children to attend a gabfest of politicians it goes to show that the children of the working class are not taken much into account by the henchmen of the masters.—Yours truly, Mrs. S.

## WILSON'S DATES

Comrade Ben F. Wilson, Socialist member of the Kansas legislature, will be in Canada in November and two days in December. The following dates have been arranged for his speaking tour.

Sunday, November 9th, Berlin 2.30 p.m., Toronto, 8 p.m., Monday, November 10th, North Bay; 11th Lutherglen, 12th, North Bay.

The 13th, 14th and 15th of November are to be arranged by local Comrades in nearby camps. Sunday, Nov. 16th, Comrade Wilson speaks at Cobalt.

Monday 17th Comrade Wilson goes to Porcupine, and the next six days to the 23rd inclusive, are to be arranged by Local South Porcupine.

Monday, Nov. 21st, en route to Kingston, November 25th Comrade Wilson speaks at Kingston, 26th and 27th at Brockville, Friday, 28th at Ottawa.

Saturday, 29th, open date for rest and visit to Stittville.

Sunday, November 30th, Lindsay; Dec. 1st, Woodstock; December 2nd, Stratford.

Any local who desires the services of Comrade Wilson should write H. Martin, 61 Weber Street East, Berlin, Ont.

## Information Wanted

Information is wanted of "Ted" Whittick. Last heard of in Alberta. Parents anxiously enquire. Address Sydney Whittick, Cowanville, P.Q.

## SUB CARDS

Sub cards are regular government post cards printed in such a way as to entitle the purchaser to forty weeks subscription to Cotton's Weekly. They sell for four for a dollar. Order a bunch today and use them on your friends.

## Bad Complexion Are Now Easily Discarded

(From the Beauty Seeker)  
Every woman has it in her own hands to possess a beautiful and youthful complexion. No matter how soiled, faded or coarse the cuticle, ordinary mercurized wax will actually remove it, and Nature will substitute a skin as soft, clear and lovely as a child's. The action of the wax is not drastic, but gentle and agreeable. Minute particles of acid skin come off day by day, yet no evidence of the treatment is discernible, other than the gradual, comprehensive improvement. One ounce of mercurized wax, procurable at any drugstore, suffices for most cases. It is put on at bedtime like cold cream and taken off in the morning with warm water. It is a certain method of discarding freckles, liver spots, moth patches, blackheads and pimples.

Wrinkles can be treated with benefit by bathing the face in a lotion prepared by dissolving 1 ounce powdered exfolite in a pint witch hazel. Instantaneous results are secured.

## WHAT IS THE PROVERB?

\$50 GOLD PRIZE  
STY. S. CY.

Also a prize of \$10 for NEAREST SOLUTION. Somebody who sends for particular of this puzzle, about Stitches, will receive a \$50 GOLD WATCH or \$50 in GOLD MONEY!

of entry, and in the certificate of the between two or more persons for the prize, a prize identical in character will be given to each person tied. Try at once. It may be you. Use your Brains. Send no money. Write your answer on a Postcard or letter, giving name and address plainly.

BRITISH WATCH CO., Dept. 57 Montreal, Canada

## STILL A DECLINE

There were few offs last week, and yet the Socialists of Canada allowed their national organ to show a decline in subscriptions.

If Cotton's is not giving the right dope, it is the duty of the party to sack the present editor and replace him with one who will put zip and zing into the paper.

The function of Cotton's is to fight the capitalist system, to rouse the slaves to a fighting spirit, to be an organ the plutocracy of Canada fears and hates.

We fight the battles of the slave class. If we fight perfunctorily, and with a lackadaisical spirit, get rid of us and put a fighting force at this end.

Or if you slaves are the ones who are not fighting as you should, grit your teeth and go to the fight. Round up the slaves. Get their two bits and get them reading.

We are tired of a declining circulation, and you are tired of it too. Circulation statement for week of October 16th, 1913.

	Off.	On.	Total.
Ontario	28	24	52
British Columbia	43	59	102
Saskatchewan	28	59	87
Alberta	6	29	35
Nova Scotia	4	29	33
Quebec	27	4	31
Manitoba	7	13	20
Foreign	20	10	30
New Brunswick	1	6	7
Newfoundland	1	6	7
Yukon Territory	17	11	28
Prince Ed. Island	3	2	5
	471	376	847

Loss for week—\$5.  
Total issue last week—\$8.10.

## Sixteen Candidates in Toronto

The Social-Democratic Party in Toronto are running sixteen candidates for the Toronto municipal elections next January—two controllers, seven aldermen and seven members of the Board of Education.

Every red in Toronto should get busy to elect these candidates. The time to begin work is now. Further announcement next week.

## Joy and Gloom

Thursday, October 16th opened up auspiciously.

Old Sol rose majestically over the mountains under which lay the quiet little village of Cowanville, and spread his rays over the pretty country, dotted with its sugar bushes and orchards.

The thousands of beautiful maples were shedding their summer dresses of varied colors, and the sight was beautiful to the eye. Hearts were glad. Neighbor met neighbor with a smile. The life-giving ozone from the mountains seemed to permeate the atmosphere till all mankind, woman-kind, and childkind overflowed with the joyous spirits of life distilled from the great Unknown. It was a day to be remembered, and certain things happened on that day which will cause its remembrance to remain vividly impressed on the minds of those at Cotton's for many and many a day.

On this particular morning the editor appeared with the rest of the staff, and was overflowing with cheer and fraternal greetings. His good spirits spread among the staff, and the Temple of the Revolution was soon a busy hive of interested workers hustling for the next issue of the paper. Joy perched on the desks, on the chairs, on the typewriters, on the presses, folders, shafting. Everything looked all to the good, and quadruple gold plated and burnished.

But Gloom was near.

At 8.01 the manager jumped his bike and rode to the postoffice, that place of joy, misery, hope and despair. Back he came, nothing doing. At noon he repeated the performance. Same result. In the afternoon he crossed his fingers, put his rabbit's foot in his pocket, said a short prayer and pedaled the mile to and the mile fro, and the mail displayed to his eager eyes—what? ONE LONE DOLLAR, ten times.